



Odors and flavors roll off Crusto like water off a duck's back. It just simply refuses to absorb the odor or taste of anything that's cooked in it. And it is odorless and tasteless itself. You can do this with Crusto.

Fry fish in it. Strain it to remove the food particles—and it's as fresh and tasteless as new. Use the strained Crusto for frying onions—there will be no fishy flavor. Also that strained Crusto for baking waffles. Your waffles won't taste of fish or onions. This is the truth. Crusto does not absorb odors or flavors.

Further—it does not smoke or smell when heated "red hot"—no frying odor in the house. And besides all this—Crusto is the best and most economical cooking fat for frying and baking for doing all that hard or butter can do and doing it all better.



CRUSTO WAFFLES
AS FRIED BY
ORIENTAL HOTEL
DALLAS

AT ALL GROCERS
COMES IN TIGHT TINS, A DOZEN—
Size 4 1/2 x 3 1/2 x 1 1/2 INCHES

CRUSTO—Houston, Texas

WRESTLING MATCH

Oscar Dotson vs. John Kilonis



Oscar Dotson, the Chickasha Wrestling Blacksmith, will meet John Kilonis, the Greek Demon, in a handicap match. Kilonis agrees to throw Dotson two falls in sixty minutes or forfeit \$500. Match will be held at

Kozy Theatre, January 1, 1916
at 3:30 p. m.

Two Good Preliminaries. Admission 25, 50 and 75c.

JIM'S GOLD LEDGE

By ANSON CARTER.

It might have turned out all right for Barton if he hadn't stopped over night in the sheep camp and talked too much with Silent Costes.

Costes had little to say. Yes, he knew old man Peterson and his daughter. He even admitted that they still lived in Valley Creek. He never had known Adams. That was before his time. Yes, he had heard that he had discovered a gold mine and then lost its location, but that was all he knew. All this mostly in nods and grunts of assent, while Barton questioned eagerly.

But after the stranger lay fast asleep by the dying embers Costes took out a stub of a pencil and tore off a piece of paper from a soap wrapper in the wagon. Then he wrote a note to his nearest neighbor, as neighbors run in the land of buttes. And he tied the note with a piece of string to the collar of Brag, one of his dogs, and pointed down the valley road.

Brag knew the road. He had carried tobacco along it before, and sometimes brought back newspapers and letters. There were only three spots of human habitation throughout the valley—Peterson's, Tony Allen's claim and, higher up, Costes' sheep ranch. So they all hung together in mutual dependence.

And the sovereign of the three was Sue.

She was slim and dark, with glancing, witching eyes and a smile that would have made Cerberus wag his tail. And nearly every evening after sundown Tony would ride down the mountain road just to talk awhile with Sue out on the little front stoop of the shack and to tell her what it meant to him to have her even in the same world as himself.

He read the note from Costes. When he drew rein before the old shack, old Peterson was out with a lantern.

"The moon's bright enough," said Tony. "Put that out. I don't want anyone to see a light here."

Sue slept on while the two talked together out in the cleared ground beyond the house. When she awoke it was after four.

"You're here pretty early, ain't you, Tony?" she called from the wash bench at the back of the shack.

"There's more coming," answered Tony, dryly, and he watched Barton approaching them half a mile away, coming gingerly down the rough butte trail on a horse he had bought in town.

He laid two hands on her shoulders and turned her around to face him. "Remember how we've waited and hoped for years?"

"For gold?"

"N5, for each other. Haven't you? Didn't I tell you when you were only sixteen what I thought of you? Look up at me. You put your arms—"

"Tony, they'll see you, please, please—"

The stranger and Peterson came leisurely up to the shack. Barton looked cheerful and friendly. He rested one foot on the first step and raised his hat to Sue.

"Got a nice little place here. I've just been looking the valley over. I'm a—er—a geologist."

"Fine rocks around here," Tony said gravely.

"Yes, splendid—er—strata. Do you happen to know of a ledge that juts out along the other side of this creek somewhere through the valley? It's hidden in a ravine. There's a small cascade there."

"I know the place," Sue answered straightly.

"You do?" Barton's small, dark eyes gleamed with interest. "I expect to build a cabin there. The water is very good. I was told. I bought the claim up from a man named Adams this spring back in Ohio."

"Pleasant to have you for a neighbor," Tony said.

Sue's dark eyes widened with amazement and swift indignation.

"But the ledge is ours, dad. He can't have it. You wouldn't sell out, would you, for anything?"

"It can't be yours if I bought it up last spring from Adams, could it?"

"And how could you buy it from a man that's been dead over a year?" demanded Tony, coolly, stepping between them. "Jim Adams died in the county hospital right south of here in Sweetwater. He sold everything he ever owned in Valley Creek to Peterson here and it's on record. What are you so anxious about taking it up for?"

Barton hesitated, choosing his words, watching the girl's face.

"Well, since that's so, I don't want to put through a crooked deal. I'm willing to put up cash and work it out fifty-fifty with you all here."

"Work what out?" demanded Sue.

"Jim's gold claim. I'll tell you the straight truth. I was a nurse at the hospital where he died, and he told me about the ledge and where it was, showed me the sample of rock he'd brought away with him, and after he died I took it down and had it assayed. It showed \$500 to the ton. Pretty good, isn't it? So I came after it. But you're in before me. Want a partner?"

Peterson shook his head slowly.

"It's all in my girl's name. I ain't got anything to say."

Sue laughed and put her hand in Tony's.

"I've got a partner, thanks, Mr. Barton," she said.

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A RAILROAD ROMANCE

By LOUISE OLIVER.

The little waiting room, with its egg stove aglow, was gratefully warm. But the oilcloth-covered counter was guileless of food and the ticket office minus an occupant.

Marian waited for someone to come, meanwhile watching the clock anxiously. Precious minutes were passing and still no one came to serve her.

She was turning toward the door when the stranger lifted his hat. "I beg your pardon, but as the agent doesn't seem to be around just now, perhaps you will permit me to hunt up a lunch for you. He may have something hidden under the counter."

Marian turned to the door again. "Thank you, but as the train will leave in a minute I am afraid I must go. Good evening."

He hurried to the door and held it open for her. The storm had increased in violence, almost carrying Marian off her feet. Fine sleet cut into their faces. He took her arm and together they fought their way across the platform through the storm. Then they stopped suddenly, aghast. The track was empty and the train gone! It had slipped away, its noise drowned by the screaming wind.

"By George, that's too bad!" he shouted into her ear. Marian was thankful now for the storm and darkness, for she could not keep back the tears any longer.

There seemed to be nothing to do but to go back to the empty station, which offered protection at least from the storm. She might have to wait some time for the next train.

As they went into the little waiting room for the second time the fumes of tobacco notified the travelers that the agent had come in, evidently by some other way.

"Hello, Bob! Where on earth have you been?" asked Marian's would-be benefactor. "While we were waiting for you to hunt us a bite to eat, the train vamoosed and left us."

Marian heard the other man whistle with surprise. "Then I am afraid you are up against it, Mr. Hays. There isn't another train tonight!"

Marian dropped limply to a seat. The man went to the door and stepped outside to tell his idea of the whole business to the elements.

In a few minutes he burst into the waiting room. "Say, Bob, there's a gasoline work car down the track! Is she all right?"

"I guess so. The men left her there on the siding. Why, what were you thinking of? It's frozen over like a wedding cake."

"I was thinking," said the man, "that as I know enough about them to run one, we might thaw off the icing with hot water and I could get this young lady to Drexel in time to catch the express. Any gasoline around the place, do you suppose?"

"Why, there's a bar'l of gasoline back of the freight house. Been there all winter. But, say, there's lots of freight trains. You'd get killed."

"No, we won't!"

By the time the little car was ready the wind had calmed, and Marian, wrapped to her ears in a borrowed robe, sat like a queen on the soap box the men had found for her. In a minute they were sliding along into the darkness, their lanterns illuminating the rails only a couple of feet ahead.

Marian was frightened, but gave no sign. She would have risked her life on a war balloon to get to Brighton before twelve.

The car sped on past little stations that were as quiet as cemeteries. No freights overtook them, and at last the lights of Drexel appeared.

The man held his watch close to the lantern. "Good!" he cried. "Ten minutes and we'll be on the express to Brighton."

There had been little opportunity for conversation. In the waiting room at Drexel Marian tried to thank him. There were still two minutes before the train was due.

"I wonder if you know how much I appreciate what you have done for me, Mr.—"

"Hays! Endicott Hays!"

"Mr. Hays! My name is Marian Langley, and it is absolutely necessary for me to be in Brighton today. It seems that all the heirs to the Langley estate are in danger of losing a great deal of money if I don't have my name on some stupid paper or other before midnight."

Endicott Hays looked at her in astonishment for an instant. Then, drawing a paper from his pocket, he cried: "And this is the stupid paper. I was going to Brighton to find you. I'm the lawyer in the case. They told me you lived there!"

"And after they had discovered their mistake, they telegraphed me to meet you there, as you had already departed," laughed Marian. "Isn't it too funny?"

The man's answer was drowned in the noise of the express as it thundered in. But his look held inquiry.

"I'd better get on anyway and go to Aunt Martha's for the night," said Marian.

"And I'd better go to Brighton, too, so I can come around in the morning and be properly introduced. May I?"

"Perfectly splendid," agreed Marian, as they boarded the train for the remainder of the trip.

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Emeralds are worth more a karat than any other precious gems.

The last week of the Big Removal Sale At Terrell Bros.

Don't fail to take advantage of it. We will move in January.

Wishing you a Happy New Year, We remain yours for Values

Terrell Bros.
OUTFITTERS FOR MEN & BOYS

INCOMES INCREASE

By United Press.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 28.—If returns made to the Uncle Sam's tax collector are to be taken as a business barometer, the people of the southwestern section, including Oklahoma, have had much prosperity this year.

Don Henry, revenue inspector, Little Rock, Ark., says the income tax returns so far completed in Arkansas, Oklahoma and Kansas show a forty per cent increase over the returns for the preceding year. Among the number paying the income tax are hundreds of farmers.

Hundreds of Women Among Citizen Cops

(U. P. correspondence.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—Hundreds of women were among the first 2,000 of Chicago's proposed 20,000 citizen police force, which went on duty yesterday. They took up their patrol in the politest, as well as the toughest districts in the city. Millionaires' row along Lake Shore drive and Little Italy a short distance away, were the districts chosen. That women were to be allowed on the force was not known until Louis Damon, secretary of the civic co-operators, sponsor for the movement, made the announcement today.

"They'll be better than men," said Damon. "They notice things quicker than men. The force will be comprised mostly of women." When complete, every block in the city will have a citizen policeman or policewoman.

MONEY TO LEND.

On farm lands and well improved Chickasha property. Farm money is cheap, and on best terms. Two plans for handling city loans. See us at once.

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SOLUTION

To the Servant Problem

Install electricity in your home and do away with the drudgery.

It removes the labor from washing, ironing, sweeping, cleaning and filling oil lights and a thousand other household tasks. Ask about it.

Chickasha Gas and Electric Company

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d&w

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Classified advertisements, such as "Wanted," "For Rent," "For Sale," etc., will positively not be received for the Express by phone. They must be brought to the office. Please do not phone them. It is embarrassing to us to refuse to receive them.

15-9-1

Long Sentence Has 302 Words.

No widely known English writer comes anywhere near the record of Miss. Peggy and Dumas in the matter of long sentences. Gibbon has some rather long and involved ones from which one emerges with a gasp, and Doctor Johnson built up some sounding enormities of the kind. There is a sentence in Jeremy Taylor's "Day of Judgment" that runs to 302 words. This must approach, if it does not reach the record in our tongue.

WANTED—Clean cotton rags at the Daily Express office. Highest cash price paid.